Hurling a Durian

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HURLING A DURIAN

This is the fantasy fruit: it can awaken desires lodged deep inside a person but stuck, like an almond clogging the windpipe. The smell of a durian may erase a child's immediate memories. So I am addicted, of course. Not to eating but to sniffing it like glue, my fingers probing its dry, spiked surface until they bleed and I eat. But the feast disappoints me because its taste replaces the corpse scent with something sweet and eggy, a benign tang I flush down with wasabi.

For there is nothing much a kid like me can do except awaken to loss and wish for a seven-piece suit of armor. The desire always returns: durian as a weapon of truth.

Even if I don't know how to pull a trigger or whet a knife, it's tempting to imagine throwing a dangerous fruit at the head of the person who has failed you, hurt you, and for all these years, tried to break you. But this desire is lodged deep
for a reason: the pull of forgiveness
like a hopeless gravity, and always, I try
to resist. So I do by taking a spoonful
to my lips, savoring the smear, the din
of my cleaver hacking the husk, the juice,
the sweat ripping open the rind.